

Gal 4 Rd

THE
Court Convert :

OR, A
Sincere Sorrow for SIN, Faithfully

TRAVERS'D :

Expressing the Dignity of a

True Penitent.

Drawn in Little, by ONE, whose Manifold Misfortunes Abroad ; have render'd him Necessitated, to seek for Shelter Here ; by Dedicating himself, and the said small POEM, to the DIVINE

ASTREA.

By H. A. Gent.

And by K

Printed for the Author.

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Mem: I have another Copy
of this Book, with the Date in
the Title page - 1690. and Dedi-
cated, to Lord Sommers, in
an Epistle quite different from
that prefixed to this Edition.

I have no where seen any
Account of the Author, or
his Publication, —

I found on Perusal some T.B.
small Variations between 1772.
the two Impressions of the Poem.



BIBLIOTHECA
HEBRÆA

1078. f. 74

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T H E

Court Convert.

(see another edition
in 238. e. 47. with the name
of Henry Anderson as author)

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To the

Reader




Sir's

THE Author's Condition being at present on a Level, and the Basis of his former Fortune Overthrown, to get Clear of the Delemma, and prevent his future Interrment in the Ruins; Humbly takes leave to Dedicate this small Poem (the Off-spring of a Penny-less Mule) to your acceptance: Having nothing in this Iron Age, where-with to support him, but a feeble Quill. He knows it is not Practicable to Trade for Wealth in the Poets Territories, he might as well depend on the Wheel of Fortune for a Benefit, which only

The Epistle Dedicatory, &c.

*Turns to the Advantage of her Favourites, than
Fish for Pearl in the Muses Helicon, where
are only Wrecks, and no Riches ; he has only
Plow'd a little about the Brink, which, if not
well done, is submitted to Correction: But, be-
lieving the Spirit of Goodness, and true Humi-
lity, resides in your Generous Breasts, as a Rich
Gem in a Noble Cascade, he is Encourag'd to
Lay this the fore-said Bratt at your Hospitable
Gate; for they whose Estimate of Men, & Things
Proceeds not from a Blind and Popular Applause ;
Lives up most near to the Example of our SAVI-
OUR ; who, when on Earth, Declin'd the Con-
versation of a Proud Terarch, for that of a
Poor Lazer, and Vallu'd more the Holy acts of
an Humble Fisher, than all the Great and He-
roick Deeds of a Haughty Cæsar.*



Henry Audley.

THE Court Convert.

D Eluding *World*, which hath so long amus'd,
And with *False Shapes* my dreaming Soul
(abus'd :

Tyrannick Court, where simple *Mortals* buy,
With *Life* and *Fortune*, splendid *Slavery*;
Hence-forth *Adieu* ; my goodly stock of years,
Laid out for that, I now lament with tears.
Monarchs, who with amazing splendor glare,
And *Favourites*, who their Reflections are ;
Both shine, 'tis true, but 'tis like *Glass* they do ;
Brittle as that, and made of *Asbes* too :

The Hour is set, wherein *they* must disown
 The *Royal Pomp*, the *Treasure*, and the *Throne* :
 The dazzling Lustre of *Majestick State*,
 Shall be extinguish'd by the *hand of fate* ;
 Highness must stoop into the hollow *grave*,
 And keep *sad Court* in a cold dampish *cave*.
 Beauty, and jovial *youth*, decays apace ;
Age still, and *sickness*, oft doth both deface.
 The *Favorite*, whom all adore and fear,
 Whose strength doth so unshakable appear,
 Is but a *Tower* built on flitting Sands,
 No longer than the *tempest* sleepeth, stands :
 Nor can the *calm* of *fortune* long insure ;
 Or *Monarchs* favour, *crazie* Man secure :
 We moulder of our selves, and soon, or late,
 We must *resign* beloved Life to Fate.

From stately Pallaces we must remove,
 The narrow Lodging of a *Grave* to prove :
 Leave the fair *Train*, and the light-guilded *Room*,
 To lye alone benighted in the *Tomb*.
 GOD only is Immortal: *Man* not so ;
 Life to be paid, upon demand, we owe.
 The ridged *Laws* of *Fate*, with none dispence,
 From the least Beggar, to the greatest Prince.
 The crooked *Sythe*, that no *distinction* knows,
Monarchs, and *Slaves*, indifferently Mows.
 One day wee'd pitty those we now admire,
 When after all the Glory they acquire ;
 And all the famous Conquests they have made,
 Fierce *Death* their *Lawrels* in the *Dust* hath laid. /
 Those heads and hands, which States and Princes steer,
 Who *Rule* in *Peace*, and *Conquer* in the *War*,

Shall, by a sad, and certain change of *State*,
 Be Doom'd a *Prize* to Death, and Rigid Fate :
 Then be no more ; their very *Name* will dye
 To *Fame*, unless preserv'd by *History*.

'Tis *Heavens* Great KING alone, whom Angels serves,
 Who our whole *hearts*, whole *care*, whole *love*, deserves ;
 To HIM all's due, there's nought at our command,
 But must be paid at his *Divine* demand :

To HIM the *Christian* ought to make his Court,
 His *Love* the only matter of Import :

Not, but that *Honour* must to *Kings* be paid,
 Being by *Heav'n*, *Heav'n's* *Vicegerents* made :

To *such* we Dedicate our Hearts and Hands,
 With due Submission to their *just* Commands ;
 And their *Unjust* ones, tho' we cannot do,
 We must the *Mulct*, with patience, undergo :

'Tis *Sacrilege* (in any case) to pry
 Into the *God-like* power of Majesty,
 And meer *Typhoon* insolence to strive,
 Law to a *King*, with Lawless Arms to give;
 But all good *Subjects* should adore the *Hand*,
 By which Kings, and the Crowns they wear, do stand;
 And while the Earths great *Master* we revere,
 Pay *Homage* also to the *Thunderer*;
 To G O D, who *Kings* obey; whose Bounty gave
 Their *Scepters*, *Crowns*, and all the *Goods* they have:
 To G O D, whose *Sun* Beams guildeth Royal state,
 And *Glory* gives to each great *Monarch's* fate;
 With whose unknown, but to HIM, easie Skill,
 Manages *Powers*, and *Princes* as HE will.

Now for to get in *favour* with this *Prince*,
 There needs no more, but simple *Innocence*:

No Honour at his Court is bought with Gold ;
 But for cheap *Love* are all *Preferments* sold :
 And in proportion to the *Love* you bring,
 You shall have *Power* from the KING of Kings :
 With a good stock of *Love* there one may climb,
 To a *great Fortune*, in a little time.
 Nor is it hard methinks to *Love* a GOD,
 Who is Himself, so *Loving*, and so *Good*.
 In other Courts a Man doth lose himself,
 Oft for a little, and long drudg'd for Pelf ;
 In business bearing an uncertain state,
 Made void (sometimes) by Envy, or by Hate,
 Rendring *Possession* of too short a date.
 For as a *Dropsie* makes the Body grow,
 (At the same time, that it brings *Nature* low)
 O're-whelm'd with water, or choak'd up with Wind,
 So *Wealth* (at once) swells up, and starves the Mind ,

But GOD, the *Souls* capacity doth fill ;
 His bounty over-flows Man's boundless will :
 And since the Earth cannot our Nature bless,
 And the great World's too little for the Less,
 His boundless *Self* He gives us, is so good
 (As *Romans* hold) the *Sacramental* Food,
 To Regale us, with's *Body* and His *Blood*.

With Heavenly *Manna* Angels tasteful Meat,
 The same he gave His loving *Twelve* to Eat ;
 Himself the *Treator*, and Himself the *Treat*.

Come all that *Hunger* to this *Royal Feast* ;
 Come ev'ry one, and wear the *Nuptial Vest* :
 Let the King's splendor dash, or dazel, none ;
 Or being Mean, discourage any one.
 Your *Host* is known to be as *Meek*, as *Great* ;
 And will alike, the King, and Beggar *Treat*.

Spare not his Board, you cannot make him poor ;
 The more He gives, the greater is his *Store* :
 His *Bounty*, like his *Treasure's*, unconfin'd,
 By giving, still to Give the more inclin'd.
 Come then, and crowd into this *Royal Court*,
 And to the source of goodness all resort.
 Love HIM, whose *Goodness* words cannot express,
 And whose All-flowing *Bounty* is not less :
 Lift up your Reason then, and have a care,
 No foolish worldly *Baubles* enter there :
 With such Precaution you'll acquire his Grace,
 And Purchase, in his Glorious Court a Place,
 Where you will bless the Day you first awoke,
 The happy *Time* in which your slumber broke :
 Crouds of all Blessings will your *Heart* invade,
 And your fresh blooming Joys will never Fade.

No more the Storms of *Princes* you will fear,
 That cause so many *Wrecks*, and *Wretches* here,
 Where (in a moment) all the *Cargo's* lost,
 Which your whole *stock* of Anctious Care has cost :
 One day [with GOD] affords you more Content,
 Than twenty Lives, in *Courts* of *Princes* spent.

An angry word, a slight, a gloomy frown,
 Will be enough to cast a *Courtier* down ;
 If he would beg a *favour* of his *King*,
 Let his *Request* be ne'er so mean a thing,
 A *hundred* Journeys he must undertake ;
 His *Suit*, to this and that great *Courtier* make :
 Thousands of *Leggs*, and *Cringes* it will cost ;
 And after all, perhaps, his *Labour* lost.
 But with GOD's *Votaries* it is not so ;
 We cannot Ask so fast, as He'll Bestow ;

His EAR is still, to hear our *Suits*, inclin'd,
 And to each *Smitor* daily proveth kind.
 HE often hears, before we are aware,
 And our least wants by HIM considered are;
 The smallest Hair, falls not beside HIS care.
 On HIM we cannot our good thoughts displace,
 Unless we madly throw away HIS Grace;
 Only to *Him* our Hearts should yield the sway,
 And not, by *False* obedience, Heav'n betray:
 For first GOD doth, what HE wou'd have us do,
 Love, with a Love, beyond example True:
 His *Charming Law*, is LOVE, His Yoke is sweet,
 Both for the King, and poorest Beggar, meet:
 Easie and Light, alike to Great and Small,
 And the same Hire propos'd to them all.
 Of *Monarchs*, he to *Him* is great alone,
 Who to himself becomes a Little One.

The

The only *Greatness* which poor man can have,
 Is to be here his *Great Redeemer's* slave:
 That King, that doth not Heav'n's Just King obey,
 A traitor is himself to *Majesty*.

The simple *Shepherd*, who with Chaste desire,
 And cheerful *Innocence* to Heav'n aspires:
 The honest painful *Labourer*, who sweats
 From morn to night, to get the bread he eats:
 If he serves Heav'n, is indeed more great
 Than Kings, with all their pride, and purple State.
 Thrice brave those Monarchs, who have dar'd to fly,
 From all the Alluring *Charms* of Majesty;
 Lay down the Sword, their Conspiring Troops forsake,
 Unarm'd alone, the Heav'n of heavens t' attack,
 A Holy War with *Hosts* of Pleasures wage,
 And tho' the *Flesh* did for the Foe engage,
 Triumph'd o're *Forreign* and *Domestick* rage.

Thrice *Blest* are those, who *fled* from being Great,
From *Courts*, to safer *Cottages* retreat:

Heav'n kindly doth their humble thoughts defeat;
For *Greatness*, while they strive to shun, they meet.
They are made great, and more glorious *Kings*,
By being Just, than by all earthly things.

Ah! how we *Win*, in *Losing* for our GOD,
While *Heav'n* is gain'd for a poor sorry clod
Of *Earth*: When for a short *Grief* here endur'd,
We are of *Everlasting Joys* assur'd:

Since for one pleasure, we refuse our Sence,
We shall have *millions* for our recompence.

Poor abus'd men, unlucky *flock*, that stray
Without the *Shepherd*, void of the Right way.
Unthinking *souls*, that perish with delight,
Which all the *threats* of *Heav'n* cannot affright:

For sure those *Pains*, which doth on *Sin* attend,
 Pain which begins, but never must have end:
 The Immaterial *Fire* that burneth still;
 But to their great misfortune cannot kill:
 The *Devils*, *Dungeons*, all sorts of *Pain*,
 Which *Humane* fortitude cannot sustain,
 Might (one would think) Mens brutish courage shake,
 And in our *Souls* a Noble fear awake:
 But if the *Racks* of *Hell*, can't *Sin* subdue,
 Suffer the *Lord* of *Hosts* to *Conquer* you;
 Oppose *Him* not unwisely, but imbrace
 The favourable Offers of *His* Grace:
 Restore *Him* to the Kingdom of your *Hearts*,
 Lost without *Mercy*, by the *Devils* Arts:
 The old *Usurper's* lawless power disown;
 Depose the hellish *Tyrant* from the *Throne*;
 And let King JESUS Reign in it alone. His

His Law is much more easie to observe,
 Than those o'th' World (which yet we gladly serve)
 It neither hurts the *Body*, nor the *Mind*;
 But is indeed to one, and t'other kind:
 A Check sometimes it may afford to *Sense*;
 But is, at length, its own benevolence.

O, *Divine Law*! O, easie *Law* of *Love*!

Let ME observe thee, and thy Wages prove:
 But then i'th' world, a hundred Laws there be,
 Void of all *Sense*, but full of *Tyranny*;
 Where *Foppish* form, our Liberty restrains,
 And Cripples us with false fantastick Chains.
 You must pretend to Love whom you detest;
 Flatter on the *Great One*, when by him oppress;
 With sneering praise, guild o're his blackest Crimes,
 And all those *Humours* which debauch the Times:

Mask your *Displeasure* with a smiling *Face*,
 And swear you'r highly pleas'd with your disgrace;
 Triumph in shew, when you are over-thrown,
 And all your *Discontents*, and *Griefs* disown;
 Cutting off quite (with base uneasie art)
 The honest *Commerce*, of the *Mouth* and *Heart*.
 O, shameful *Slavery* of poor Mankind;
 Unworthy of a *Man*, or *Christian* mind;
 Instead of *CHRIST*, whom always we should own,
False Tyranny, and *Passion* we enthrone;
 Cringing to those that from all *Virtue* run,
 To serve a *Thousand* Masters in their turn.
 The crowded way of *Vice* could never show
 Such *Pleasure*, which true *Virtue* doth bestow:
 From *Innocence*, a *Native Joy* accrews;
 But wracking *Sorrow*, always *Guilt* pursues.

The *Ill Man's* never *Quiet*, nor *Content* ;
 The *Good* is full of *Chear*, though *Penitent* :
 His inward *Calm* upon his *Brow* appears,
 And *Halcion* like, no blust'ring *Storm* he fears.
 Him, all the *Turns* of *Fate's* prepar'd to find,
 Meets *Frowns*, and *Favours*, with an equal mind.
 If *Sickness* warns him of approaching *Death* ;
 Or *Fortune* Robs him of his worldly *Wealth*,
 It cannot his unshaken *Courage* move ;
 Who, above *Earth*, hath plac'd in *Heaven* his *Love* :
 His *Health*, his *Riches*, and his sole *Delight*,
 Is here to serve his *GOD* withal his *might* ;
 And that *Great Master* faithfully to trace,
 Whose *Death* was *Triumph*, pleasure a disgrace :
 He lov'd the *Cross* ; O *Cross* ! O happy *Wood* !
 That once was Manur'd with our *Saviour's* *Blood*,

And *Moisten'd* with his *Tears*, with *Tears* of *Grief*;
 Whilst *He* that *Shed* them, *Dy'd* for our *Relief*;
 Whose all-Revenging *Death* [by th' *Cross*] did quell,
 The *Usurped* force of *Sin*, and *Power* of *Hell*;
 The *Stigians* *Monster's* *Power*, and set free
 Renowned *Heroes* from *Captivity*:

'Twas by this *Cross*, that *He* to *Heav'n* did climb,
 And *Order'd* all *Mankind* to follow *HIM*.

O *Cross*! O *CHRIST*! O *Wounds*! O *Streams* of *Blood*!

O *KING*! to Your ungrateful *Slaves*, too *Good*!

My *Hearts* delight, my lingering *Souls* desire,

My *Love*, that burns me with a *Jambent* *Fire*;

My *JESUS*! Blessed *Body*, and his *Blood*,

Brought down from *Heav'n*, to be *Man's* *Food*:

Your *LOVE*, I find, to such *Excess* amounts,

My *Gratitude* is *Lost* in the account.

When *Punishment* was to my Actions due,
 Amazing *favours* my *misdeeds* ensue,
 Instead of being, by your Justice, thrust,
 With sudden *thunder*, into Native Dust.
 While with my works, I earn'd the *fire* of Hell,
 And Satan *triumph'd* o're my wretched will ;
 When I provok'd Your *Justice* with the height
 Of base Ingratitude, and Earths delight,
 You did ev'n then, o'deph of goodness deign,
 My Heart of all Innated *Vice* to drain ;
 Which first, in being Yours, was truly blest,
 Till I (vile wretch) my MASTER dispossest :
 YOU were its *Lord*, its *Monarch* ; and what more ?
 Vouchsaf'd to *Esponse* a thing so mean and poor ;
 To th' expence of Your dear *Blood* and *Breath* ;
 Your *purple sweat*, and *tortures*, worse than Death :

So Dear it cost *TOU*; yet I bore away;
 Tho' You have (once more) made the wretch Your Prey.
 Dear *Lord*, I wander'd in the *paths* of *Vice*,
 And grop'd on blindfold to the *Precipice* :
 Instead of Loving *TOU*, the only Good,
 I made each empty *Vanity*, my God :
 But O excess of *mercy*; *TOU* repay,
 With *grace* and *gifts*, Your *slaves* black treachery,
 Whom the false *World*, and falser *Court* deceiv'd;
 Whom *sin*, and *satan*, wretchedly enslav'd.
 What dismal blindness did possess my mind,
 For silly short liv'd *toys*, to have resign'd
 A blest *Eternity*; and you dear *Lord*,
 Who can a real Heav'nly *Good* afford!
 Eyes, on my Cheeks, let trickling tears run down,
 Your *guilty selves*, in your own Waters drown.

False Guides, that led me to the *Hunters* snare ;
 When by my self, left wholly to your care :
 Poor and Ambitious, fond deluded sight,
 Thus on the sorry *Creature* to delight ;
 Your fellow *slave*, a bit of *Earth*, a *Dream*,
 E'en a poor wretched *Nothing* to esteem :
 For what avails a *Mitre*, or a *Crown*,
 Or all that here a man can call his own.
 Those whom our fawning *flatterers*, call Great ;
 Whom baser *man-kind* prostrate at their feet,
 In the Divine, Eternal *glass* appear,
 As Little, as the meanest *mortal* here.
 When the Eye in darkness sets, and Life's fire,
 With the *Ice* of *Death*, in sorrow doth expire ;
 What matters Gold, by some men so ador'd ?
 What *pleasure* will a starry *Crown* afford ?

This Garb ill fits, a Pale and Lifeless Head,
 And that bright *mettle* shines not to the Dead;
 Corruption then *will* not forbear its prey,
 For fear of *dead* and *helpless Majesty*;
 Nor *will* that *Lustre*, which amaz'd poor *man*,
 Dazle the *Legions* of bold *Virmin* then:
 Alas! There's no distinction in the Grave,
 Between the greatest *King*, and meanest *slave*:
All flesh is there unto one *Change* destin'd,
 And leaves all *worldly goods* and *fame* behind.
 But different *fates*, the Righteous *souls* attend,
 From theirs that here doth make a wicked End.
 Those of the *good*, to Heav'n's Great *King* repair,
 The *Unknown Pleasures* of His *Courts* to share,
 In Peace, and *glorious triumph* to Enjoy,
 The *fruit* of their laborious *Victory*.
 But those who lodg'd in body's did defy,
 With unrepented *Crimes* the *Deity*.

Condemn'd to *Chains*, and hopeless of Relief,
 Dye to all *Bliss*: But ever *Live* to grief.
 It is a doleful Scene, to see base man,
 Provoke his Patient MAKER, all he can;
 Shun happiness, so easie to be won,
 And take a world of pains to be undon:
 Even employ his whole Life long, to buy,
 A wretched Right, to endless misery.
 Thus he, who studies to indulge his Earth,
 And quite neglects the meaning of his Birth;
 Into the gapeing Jaws of *satan* runs,
 And the inviting Arms of JESUS shuns:
 Those *Arms*, that stand still open to receive,
 All weary Prodigals, that sin doth leave:
 Arms full of *Love* and *pitty*, which display,
 Ev'n to Foes, and Traitors *sanctuary*:
 For those, he left his *Father's* bright Abode,
 Made *Son* of man, to make man *Son* of GOD. To

To Cure their *Wounds*, He Lifes *Elixir* Bled,
 And *Dy'd* a *Death*, to *Raise* them from the Dead.

Dear JESUS, who with such a Charming Art,
 Hath soften'd and Reduc'd Man's sinful heart;
 Did likewise on the Day the Church Renews,
 The Annuall Obsequies of her Dead *Spouse*;
 From worldly Vice, her *Votary* set free,
 And from the *Court* and *World* Deliver'd me:
 So from my self, thus freed, didst after deigne,
 To bind me with your *Loves* enlarging Chain:
 For such your Favours, shew me but the way,
 Good Lord, my due acknowledgments must pay.
 YOU had the Goodness, for my sake to *Dye*,
 Which I for YOU, will do most willingly:
 And since my life cannot suffice to pay,
 For the least *Breath*, of that You gave away.

I wish the Lives of all the World were mine,
That all, for *Your* dear Sake, I might resign.

But a Rent Heart, since *You* will not despise,
And a brus'd *Reed*, to *You* is *Sacrifice*;

My *Prayers*, I humbly Offer: And *Adore*

The GOD, that doth accept a *Gift* so poor.

I Love You Lord, as Bed-rid Men love Health,
Close Prisoners Freedom, or Starv'd Beggars Wealth.

My Soul thirsts after Thee, pure spring of Good,
As the Chas'd Deer, after a Cooling Flood.

Nor do I love You, for Your HEAVEN ; no,
For Your blest Sake all Comfort I'll forego.

The sharpest *Pain* from thence, will *Ease* be ;

And Nought but HELL can be a grief to me.



F I N I S.

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